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J. K. Zollinoff



J. K. Zollicoff

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1884.

NO. II.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

COLONEL THOMAS P. OCHILTREE.



COLONEL OCHILTREE is descended from a line of illustrious ancestors, in whose veins flowed the best blood of old Scotland. Malcolm Hugh Ochiltree followed the fortunes of the ill-fated house of Stuart, and was one of the personal staff of Prince Charles Edward. The heroism, the devotion, and unyielding honor of these followers of this unfortunate prince, have been embalmed in history, and a recital of them by the "Wizard of the North" has cast around them the halo of romance and of song. After their defeat in 1745, and the final defeat of the cause, Malcolm Ochiltree migrated to North Carolina. In his suite, among others, was Flora McDonald, the heroine of Waverley. This colony settled on the banks of the Cape Fear, and in the neighborhood of the present town of Fayetteville.

A descendant of Malcolm Ochiltree was David Ochiltree, who removed to Florida, and became a distinguished lawyer and planter in that State. Judge William B. Ochiltree was a son of David, and the father of the subject of this sketch. Judge William B. Ochiltree went early to Alabama, where he distinguished himself as a lawyer. In 1839, he went to Texas, and at once took an active and leading part in the affairs of that young republic, ranking with Houston, Rusk, Wharton, Pinckney, Henderson, Hemphill, and Lipscomb. He was one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the republic, Attorney General, and, at the time of the annexation of the republic to the United States, was Secretary of the Treasury. He was called the "Alexander Hamilton of Texas," and was one of the immortal founders of the republic. For a quarter of a century he was the acknowledged head of the Texas bar. In 1861 he was elected to the Confederate Congress, but served afterward as Colonel of the 18th Texas Infantry. He died in 1867.

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Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree was born at San Augustine, Texas, 1842. When a mere boy he volunteered in John G. Walker's company of Texas Rangers, and took part in the campaigns of the Mexican frontier against the Apache and Comanche Indians. At the age of eighteen he was editor of the *Jeffersonian*, published at Jefferson, Texas. He was, also, in the same year—1860—a delegate to the Charleston Convention, and also to the Baltimore Convention.



Yours sincerely
Tom Ochiltree.

Colonel Ochiltree entered the Confederate service as a private in the "Marshall Guards" (Captain F. S. Bass), afterward the Texas battalion (Lieutenant-Colonel L. T. Wigfall), and subsequently of the First Texas Infantry, Hood's brigade, A. N. Va.

When General Sibley was dispatched by President Davis, for the conquest of New Mexico, he received authority to raise troops in Texas, and Colonel Ochiltree became a member of his staff. He went to San Antonio and mustered the Sibley brigade into service. He dis-

tinguished himself in the New Mexico campaign as the official reports show. He was sent with dispatches to Richmond and served as assistant adjutant-general to General Longstreet on the peninsula, and participated in the seven days' battles around Richmond.

Returning to the Lower Mississippi he was advanced as chief of General Sibley's staff, in the Army of South-west Louisiana, and participated in all the engagements of that command, ending at Walche-toches, Louisiana. He served also as assistant adjutant-general to General Dick Taylor and assisted in the brilliant campaign in which Brashear city was captured. He was there assigned as assistant adjutant-general to General S. B. Maxey commanding the department of the Indian Territory and took part in the battle of Poison Springs, Arkansas. He afterward did special service under General Rains in the defense of Richmond. He followed the varying fortunes of the Confederacy with skill and fidelity up to the closing scenes. He was wounded and captured at the battle of Salvis Creek, the last pitched battle of the army of Northern Virginia, April 6, 1865, and confined in the old capitol prison at Washington.

Immediately after the war, he visited Europe. In 1866, he became editor of the *Houston Daily Telegraph*, one of the leading papers of Texas. In 1867, he was sent to Europe as agent of T. H. M. Mahan and other merchants of Galveston to secure the establishment of a steamship line to that point, which he succeeded in doing. In 1872, he again visited Europe as commissioner of emigration for Texas. In 1873, he was appointed United States Marshal, by President Grant. In 1882, he was elected to Congress from the Galveston District, defeating George P. Finlay, Democratic nominee, by over 3,000 votes. He is the first native of Texas ever elected to Congress from that State. He visited Europe again in 1882 and was, during his sojourn, received with distinction by such great leaders as Gladstone and John Bright in England, of Clemmenceau, Victor Hugo and Lafayette in France, and of Lasker and Baumberger in Germany. Besides being a constant guest in the most *recherche salons* of London, Paris and other capitals of Europe.

Colonel Ochiltree is most widely known in civil life, however, as the author of the Lasker resolutions.

In his speech of Wednesday, March 19, 1884, the House having under consideration the report of the committee on foreign affairs, Mr. Ochiltree spoke of Lasker and said:

“Good or bad, as it may be, whether calculated to wound the sensibilities or to disturb the technical ideas of etiquette of the great Chancellor, was not

the question or motive with me. Little one reckes, when throwing a garland into the open grave of one who had done only good to his fellow-man, whether the act would be repelled with the thrust of a bayonet. And yet there have been parallels, and one has been brought to my mind by this incident.

"When King Charles IX. of France, after the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, had viewed the mutilated body of Admiral Coligny, whose hand in hypocritical assurance of friendship he had warmly pressed only a few days before, one of his courtiers called attention to the fact that the corpse was decaying fast, and had become offensive in its odors. 'Let that be,' said the crowned monster, 'a dead enemy always smells good to me.'"

"Among the many who have raised their voices for the advancement and amelioration of the great body of the people of the Old World, no one has been more conspicuous than Eduard Lasker—a man of humble birth, of a proscribed and persecuted race, who had elevated himself to a high position in a country wherein heretofore only those claiming the most exalted aristocratic lineage had been enabled to achieve eminence. What had impressed me most forcibly about him was his advocacy of constitutional government at home, and his relations to well-regulated liberty everywhere else in the world—not radicalism, not socialism, but constitutional freedom. I do not believe there was another German so profoundly versed in the great principles of Anglican and American liberty as was Dr. Lasker. As a writer alone, and a thinker, apart from his active political life, he was entitled to the tribute paid him by that resolution. I mean that such a compliment would not have been amiss had he left nothing upon record except his wonderful literary labors."

"A compliment to Lasker is a rebuke to the Prince Chancellor, for Lasker was personally and politically the antithesis of Bismarck. The present incident in itself shows of what base metal the Chancellor was molded. A courtier, cold, haughty, and insulting to representatives of the people, he has ever been a subtle flatterer and sycophant to royalty. There is not an instance in his whole life where he ever, of his own accord, espoused the rights of the people against the usurpations of the crown. He has never lost an opportunity to denounce popular sovereignty and constitutional government. The proudest boast of this man of 'blood and iron,' who could have said with Napoleon that he was the Rudolph Hapsburg of his own family, is that he and his have served the royal family of Prussia for over two hundred years."

The poet Coleridge well described such a man as one possessed of "intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism."

The following are the famous Lasker resolutions:

[From the Congressional Record, January 9, 1884.]

"Mr. Ochiltree—I ask unanimous consent to introduce, for present consideration, the resolution which I send to the desk.

"The Speaker—The resolution will be read, after which there will be opportunity for objection.

"The Clerk read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That this House has heard with deep regret of the death of the eminent German statesman, Eduard Lasker.

"That his loss is not alone to be mourned by the people of his native land, where his firm and constant exposition of and devotion to free and liberal ideas have materially advanced the social, political, and economic condition of those peoples, but by the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

"That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, as well as to the Minister of the United States resident at the capital of the German Empire, to be by him communicated through the legitimate channel to the presiding officer of the legislative body of which he was a member."

"There being no objection, the resolution was considered and adopted."

The speech of Colonel Ochiltree upon this occasion showed a thorough and minute acquaintance with the general principles, and the details of parties in Germany and other European countries. It showed a spirit deeply impressed with the ideas of American progress and freedom, and of deep sympathy with these ideas wherever existing. Lasker was the representative of the people as opposed to the ideas of Bismarck. All that savored of human right, liberty, and freedom, found in Lasker a friend, and all that was opposed to the worm-eaten claims of despotism found in him an uncompromising enemy. To this man, Colonel Ochiltree was devotedly attached. The fate of the resolutions is well known. They did not reach their destination in the intended channel, but their moral effect has probably been all the greater from this circumstance.

Colonel Ochiltree, having taken political position in opposition to the great majority of the men who fought with him in the Confederate army, has received the criticism which such independent action may always expect from a purely partisan view; but his friends in the social circle are without number, and he is a welcome and desired guest at all places where genuine talent, sparkling wit, and real culture are appreciated.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

SKETCH OF GENERAL FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER.



FELIX KIRK ZOLLICOFFER was born on the 19th of May, 1812, in Maury county, Tennessee. His father, John Jacob Zollicofer, moved from North Carolina, and settling in the rich, blue grass lands of Maury county, was a prosperous farmer, who divided his time between attention to his farm duties and literary pursuits. George Zollicofer, the paternal grandfather of the subject of this article, was a captain in the North Carolina line in the Revolutionary war. The

family came to America from Switzerland, and is of ancestry ennobled by a decree of Emperor Rodolphus II., dated October 19, 1528. A member of it named John Conrad Zollicoffer, who was an officer in the French army, threw up his commission (being furnished with a letter from Silas Deane, our first commissioner to the French court), and accepted a commission from the Governor of North Carolina, and served in the Revolutionary war until he was taken prisoner, having been afterward released on parole. This old baronial family still preserve a faithful record of their lineage in this country, and it is their custom to keep up a constant correspondence with the American branch of the family. Every marriage, birth, and death in the male branch of the family is promptly forwarded and recorded in the genealogical table in Switzerland. The oldest living male member of the family in this country is by courtesy called "the Baron" and is in regular receipt of a yearly annuity from Switzerland.

Having received a good, plain education, General Zollicoffer's energy and spirit of independence led him, at the age of fifteen, to rely upon his own exertions for a subsistence. Accordingly, he entered a printing-office in Columbia, Tennessee. Shortly after he was sixteen, he formed a partnership with W. W. Gates (since an editor of prominence), and Amos R. Johnson, who subsequently became a lawyer, and was promoted to the bench in Mississippi, and started a paper at Paris, Tennessee. Here he met with disheartening difficulties which only served to develop and prove the pluck and indomitable will possessed by him. In some letters, now extant, from his father to him at that time, his high sense of honor, and his determination, not to succumb to the outward turn of affairs, were much commended. He also complimented and encouraged him, for "I am highly pleased," he wrote, "with the appearance of your paper, and am proud to think that I have a son seventeen years of age who can edit such a one."

The young firm becoming financially involved, quit in debt, and Zollicoffer sought employment, first in Knoxville, Tennessee, under the veteran editor Heiskel, and subsequently in Huntsville, Alabama, where by hard work, strict economy and self-denial, he managed to pay off the whole debt contracted at Paris—his partners subsequently repaying him their portion of it. The printing-press upon which their first editorial venture had been made, was, in 1855, discovered by the Whigs of Henry county, from which they had carved a solid walking-cane, gold-mounted, and presented to Zollicoffer as a testimonial. His literary tastes were very fine, and while still in his mi-

nority he was led occasionally to woo the muses in his leisure moments. One of his prose fancies, which abounds in beautiful word-painting has been preserved to the public amongst the choice selections in Field's Scrap-book. He was said by those who knew him then, to be a model of neatness and youthful manliness. From Huntsville, he returned to Maury county, and located in Columbia, taking charge of the "*Observer*" newspaper. There, he in 1835, formed a happy matrimonial alliance with Miss Louisa Gordon, and in the following year he volunteered as a soldier and served as a commissioned officer with the Tennessee troops in the campaign against the Seminoles in Florida. He returned in 1837, and resumed his connection with the "*Observer*," and continued to edit it with marked vigor and ability throughout the memorable campaign of 1840. He had a strong partiality for agricultural pursuits, and published in connection with the "*Observer*," an agricultural journal which had a considerable circulation, and the columns of which evinced the variety of his attainments and his eminently sound and practical judgment. The great energy, boldness, and ability which he displayed in the management of the "*Observer*," made a decided impression upon the leading minds of the Whig party in the State, and in 1841 he was called to Nashville to a place on the editorial staff of the "*Banner*," the chief organ of the party. He at once made his power felt, and by his zealous energy, contributed greatly to the re-election of Governor James C. Jones, in 1843. After the election his delicate health caused him to lay down the pen; but he was soon called to another field of labor, the Legislature having, on the 1st of November following, elected him Comptroller of the State. He was retained in this responsible position until the spring of 1849, when he resigned. He went into the office without any information as to the routine of its business and without instructions, but his persevering and untiring purpose soon mastered the details of the bureau, and where he found confusion he introduced system and order, and laid down the seals of office, confessedly one of the most reliable and successful comptrollers that had ever served the State.

In August, 1849, he was chosen to represent Davidson county, in the State Senate. Here his powers of intellect and self-culture asserted themselves, and the legislation of the session shows that he made his mark in the Senate and became a leader there among some of the finest minds in the State.

The year of 1851 was an important period in the history of the Whig party of Tennessee, and he was again called to the helm to

take charge of the "*Banner*" in the hope of rallying the slumbering hosts, re-animating their drooping spirits, and overwhelming the Democracy again. The nomination of a candidate for the chief magistracy of the State was eliciting much discussion.

General Zollicoffer favored the nomination of General W. B. Campbell and exerted his influence, which was now second to no Whig leader in the State, in that direction. Devoted to the Whig cause and equally devoted as a friend to General Campbell, the canvass which followed was a labor of love. He prosecuted it with untiring energy and skill, initiating and carrying out many of the measures which conduced to its success. Even when so ill that he could scarcely sit at his table, he stuck to his post with his invincible spirit and indomitable will triumphing over the infirmities of his body. A brilliant victory was the guerdon. The canvass was one of the most remarkable in the annals of Tennessee, and its result added immeasurably to the influence of General Zollicoffer. When at its height, General Campbell was prostrated by disease, and as his competitor, General Trousdale, a war-worn veteran, was exceedingly popular, the Whigs were cast down and well-nigh hopeless, but the gallant Zollicoffer sprang to their relief, snatched up the old Whig banner and bore it until General Campbell recovered. In the following year, that of the presidential contest between Scott and Pierce, he added fresh laurels to his political career. On the 20th of April, 1853, he received the Whig nomination for Congress in the Nashville district, and severed forever his connection with the press. Throughout the six years in which he served in Congress, his votes and acts were in opposition to the party in power, and he won a national reputation as a Southern conservative, and for great ability, strict probity of character, patriotism, purity, and amiability. These qualities gave him great influence as a representative. He was universally esteemed as an honorable, high-minded gentleman, whose fidelity to principle was conspicuous, and who might at all times be relied upon. He sustained himself admirably in debate, and if he did not excel in the graces of rhetoric and oratory, he was so well fortified with impregnable facts that the readiest and wiliest adversary had to look well to his cause. His encounter with the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, the ablest and most adroit representative during the period of his service from the South, was a splendid display of parliamentary and elevated intellectual warfare, and was keenly relished by the members. The distinguished Georgian went out of the contest with a high appreciation of the gallant knight

whose lance had won its laurels. They afterwards enjoyed the most amicable relations and became admiring friends—the great statesman on a subsequent occasion being an honored guest at General Zollicoffer's home in Nashville.

An honorable contemporary, who knew him well in Washington City, thus speaks of him: "In his intercourse with men, he was very courteous and polite, and exacted the same deportment from others toward himself. In the House he held a high position and was esteemed for the excellence of his judgment, the integrity of his character and the firmness with which he adhered to his convictions. He was a very modest, gentle, and dignified man, without pretension, bluster, or bravado; and yet he not only had commanding influence, but was really feared by his opponents."

He retired from political life in 1859, and remained a private citizen until he was elected by the General Assembly of Tennessee a commissioner to the Peace Conference. He accepted the appointment, but came home from the conference sad and disheartened.

Soon after the secession of Tennessee, a provisional army was organized by the General Assembly, and Governor Harris tendered to General Zollicoffer the commission of a Major-General. He declined the appointment, giving as a reason, "that he would not consent to risk by his inexperience the safety and reputation of his fellow-citizens of the volunteer State." He was, however, appointed to, and accepted the position of a Brigadier-General, which appointment he afterwards received from the Confederate Government. Early in the summer of 1861, it became known that the Federal army threatened the invasion of East Tennessee by the way of Cumberland Gap. To defeat this movement, the Confederate Government sent Brigadier-General Zollicoffer, with a force of about two thousand men by way of Knoxville, to the point of threatened attack.

Kentucky was at this time endeavoring to occupy and hold a neutral position in the civil war. General Zollicoffer, on the 14th of September, telegraphed Governor McGoffin that "the safety of Tennessee requiring, I occupy the mountain passes at Cumberland and the three long mountains in Kentucky. For weeks I have known that the Federal commander at Haskins' Cross-Roads was threatening the invasion of East Tennessee and ruthlessly urging our people to destroy our own roads and bridges. I postponed this precautionary movement until the despotic government at Washington, refusing to recognize the neutrality of Kentucky, has established formidable camps in the center and other parts of the State, with the view, first

to subjugate your gallant State and then ourselves. Tennessee feels and has ever felt towards Kentucky as a twin-sister; their people are as one people in kindred, sympathy, valor, and patriotism. We have felt and still feel a religious respect for Kentucky's neutrality. We will respect it as long as our safety will permit. If the Federal force will now withdraw from their menacing position, the force under my command shall immediately be withdrawn."

General Zollicoffer also issued a proclamation, which he caused to be distributed over the country, announcing that he came there to defend the soil of a sister State against an invading foe, and that no citizen of Kentucky was to be molested in person or property, whatever his political opinions, unless found in arms against the Confederate Government, or giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

About the middle of September, he received information that a camp of about fifteen hundred Federals was located near Barboursville, Kentucky, and were threatening his position. Accordingly, on the 19th of September, he dispatched a portion of his command to that point and dispersed the camp with but slight loss. He advanced cautiously in the direction of Somerset, driving the enemy before him. A large force of Federals under General Schœpf was sent forward to meet him. He had purposely permitted a captured Federal officer to overhear a conversation between some of his staff officers, which induced him to believe that General Hardee was advancing from Bowling Green with a view to falling on the flank of General Schœpf. This officer was paroled, and mounted, and permitted to go forward to join General Schœpf. His information was no sooner communicated to the Federal forces than it produced a panic, and was followed by what is known as the "Wild Cat Stampede." The frightened soldiers retreated at double-quick for miles, while the route of their retreat was covered with broken wagons, knapsacks, overcoats, dead horses and mules, and soldiers who had fallen from exhaustion.

After this expedition, General Zollicoffer moved with a portion of his command to Mill Springs, Kentucky, on the southern bank of the Cumberland river. He soon afterwards advanced across the river to Camp Beech Grove, fortifying his camp with earthworks, which was located in a bend of the river in the shape of a horse-shoe. This was in January, and he was preparing to go into winter quarters. His cavalry force, about 1,200 men, under command of Colonel McNairy, was across the river in his rear. Soon after General Zollicoffer had established his camp, Major-General Geo. B. Critten-

den arrived and assumed command. On the night of January 18th, a heavy rain fell, causing a sudden flood in Fishing creek, a large stream about nine miles from the Confederate camp, in the direction of Somerset.

A citizen of the neighborhood named Johnson came into the camp and gave information that two regiments of Federal troops had been cut off by the flooding of the creek. A council of war was held, and

was resolved to move out a force to attack them. Orders were given and preparations made for a movement of the whole division at daylight next morning. Pending these movements (it has since



E. C. Walbridge

been developed), General Thomas, of the Federal army, had ordered a force of eight or ten thousand men to Somerset, with a view of crossing the Cumberland at Stagall's Ferry, twenty-five miles above Mill Springs, and falling in the rear of Zollicoffer above Monticello, from which direction the Confederates received their supplies. A portion of these troops had taken up their line of march from Columbia to Somerset on the day of the battle of Mill Springs. The four regiments across Fishing creek were in expectation hourly of a new brigade commander, who had been ordered to assume the command.

On Sunday morning of January 19, 1862, just before the dawn of

day, the Confederate troops moved out through a drizzling rain to attack, as they supposed, two regiments of Federals; advancing nine miles on the Somerset road, the Federal pickets were driven in a half-mile in advance of their already-formed line of battle. Near this point General Zollicoffer formed his men. On the left was placed the 20th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Colonel Joel A. Battle; on the right, the 15th Mississippi, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall.

The main body of the Confederate brigade was on the left of the Mill Springs road, and in advancing entered a thick forest directly in front. General Zollicoffer, having ordered the advance of his little command, rode forward with several of his staff officers through the forest to inspect the position of the enemy, and passed into the Mill Springs road beyond the Federal line of battle. Discovering his mistake, he endeavored to retrace his route to his own command, but had proceeded only a few hundred yards when he found himself directly in front of the Fourth Kentucky Federal Regiment, under command of Colonel Speed S. Fry. The Federals, who were expecting the arrival of a new brigade commander, mistook General Zollicoffer for their new brigadier, his uniform being enveloped in an oil-cloth overcoat, and he having come from the direction of Somerset, or Columbia. General Zollicoffer quickly discovered his mistake, and, to put a bold front on the matter, rode up to Colonel Fry, and, after the usual salutations, started down the road, accompanied by his staff, in front of Colonel Fry's command and about thirty feet in advance of it. He had not proceeded far when Major Henry Fogg,* of his staff, drew his pistol and fired toward the Federal line. In a moment a volley from the Federal line was discharged, instantly killing General Zollicoffer and Lieutenant Evan Shield, and mortally wounding Major Fogg.

The story that General Zollicoffer was killed by Colonel Fry has gained general belief, but there is very little reason to sustain it. On his body were found two wounds—one made with a musket-ball, which was mortal, and another by a pistol-shot, which produced a severe but not a mortal wound. If Colonel Fry fired, and his ball lodged in General Zollicoffer's body, it was not the missile that caused his death, this having been the result of the musket-shot. In the meantime, the hostile forces were hotly engaged, the battle lasting from sunrise until about noon. The Confederates fought with a

*It is said by some persons who were engaged in this battle that it was Major Ewing, and not Major Fogg, who fired the shot.

devotion "never excelled by soldiers on any battle-field;" nearly half of the Mississippi regiment fell in the action, while the mortality in Colonel Battle's command was very great.

Thus fell Felix K. Zollicoffer. A Federal officer who had known him in Washington, and who looked upon him dead on the field, said that "his face bore no expression such as is usually found upon those who fall in battle—no malice, no reckless hate, not even a shadow of physical pain. It was calm, placid, noble. I never looked upon a countenance so marked with sadness. A deep dejection had settled upon it. The low cares of the mouth were distinct in the droop at the corners, and the thin cheeks showed the wasting which comes through disappointment and trouble."

One of his early friends and associates, who had known him well, thus wrote of him soon after his untimely death:

"How he fulfilled the expectation of a people who long entertained such exalted confidence in his courage and capacity, and redeemed the impressions of the thousands of young hearts around him, many of whose first notions of chivalry were derived from his daring, need not be repeated. Up to the hour of his fall, at the head of his troops, whose adoration marks a volume of suggestive eulogy, and answers every question, nothing but an affectionate faith attended him. He was the model and pattern of integrity and manhood. Although a civilian, his military qualifications received the most general trust; what he might lack in experience he could make up in bravery being the prevailing feeling; and this is more than sustained by the circumstance of his death."

One of the most exquisite little poems, called forth by the tragedies of these four years of war, was written by the gifted Henry Flash, to commemorate the death of General Zollicoffer. It is as follows:

"ZOLLICOFFER."

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angel of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament,
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blest,
And for his soul's sustaining,
The apocalyptic smile of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
And a name in song and story—
And Fame to shout with her brazen voice,
"He died on the field of glory."

At his fall a wail went up from over the whole South, each household seeming to feel as if death had crossed its own special threshold—and even the enemy appeared regretfully subdued as if they were reluctant to proclaim such a victory, and by tender respect to the inanimate body of the fallen chieftain, sending it by flag of truce to his people and his family, there to receive in burial, every honor that a loved and sorrowing city could bestow, showed a sympathy—and appreciation of his merits not often bestowed by one hostile army to the head of another. His qualities, as a public character, were well known, but there was a gentler side to his character known only to those who clustered about his family fireside. To them he was indulgent, confiding, and affectionate. His attachment to his children was strong, deep, and tender, and was repaid by a devotion almost amounting to idolatry and as beautiful and pure as it was undying. His loving and loved wife had died in 1857.

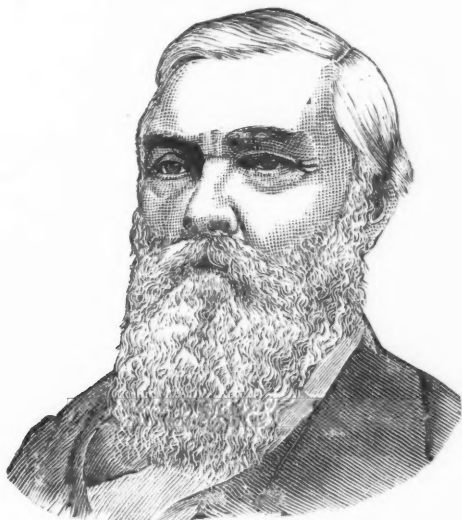
In the preliminary report of the battle of Fishing creek, dated Greensboro, Tennessee, January 29th, 1862, General G. B. Crittenden, says:

"I am pained to make report of the death of Brigadier-General F. K. Zollicoffer, who fell while gallantly leading his brigade against the foe. In his fall the country has sustained a great loss. In counsel he has always shown wisdom, and in battle braved dangers, while coolly directing the movements of his troops."

His regular report was made without the benefit of any subordinate reports except those of General Wm. H. Carroll and Major Horace Rice, of the Twenty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, and under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. General Crittenden has, without intention, made several important mistakes, as any one who will carefully examine the records and testimony in regard to this battle, will readily perceive. The writer has no censure for General Crittenden, or for any of the officers and men engaged. Many of the troops had never before been under fire, and the greater number of the officers were wholly unfamiliar with military affairs,

and every command, without exception, engaged in that disastrous affair, afterward achieved reputation for bravery and soldierly conduct. But in the light of history, it is proper to endeavor to find out and record the real facts of the great events of the late war, without partiality or undue censure.

The plan of the battle, as arranged by General Crittenden, appears to have been well conceived, and the reports show that the surprise was complete. Nearly all of the Confederate troops, as before remarked, were raw recruits who had never before been in action, and a majority of the officers were unfamiliar with their du-



COLONEL JOEL A., BATTLE.

ties. The same troops who on that day retreated in disorder, in subsequent engagements, fought as bravely and as well as the oldest veterans.

The two commands, which by official reports were most conspicuous, and bore the heaviest part of the brunt of battle, on the Confederate side, were the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward Major-General) E. C. Walthall, and the Twentieth Tennessee, commanded by Colonel Joel A. Battle.

The Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall, followed by the Twentieth Tennessee, Colonel Battle, un-

der orders which they had received, moved forward toward the enemy, and soon encountered their pickets, who opened a brisk fire severely wounding Captain C. G. Armistead, who accompanied Colonel Walthall, and a number of others.

The Federal forces were encamped on both sides of the road, having in their front a thick growth of woods averaging a half mile in extent.

Fronting this wood, were open fields in which there was a slight elevation or ridge. Colonel Walthall moved his command through the open field, crossing the ridge, and met a force of the Federals in the edge of the woods. This force was the Fourth Kentucky Regiment. A fierce encounter at once commenced, and the Fourth Kentucky showing signs of giving way, it was re-inforced by the Tenth Indiana Regiment. Soon afterwards Walthall's command was joined by the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, and the fight continued. This was the most advanced position gained or occupied by the Confederate troops during the entire engagement. At that early period many of the Confederate troops wore blue uniforms and General Crittenden had given warning of this, and had adopted a pass-word by which Confederate troops could recognize their own forces.

When Walthall was advancing through the open fields toward the woods, his skirmishers told him that the force in his front was the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Battle. The morning was cloudy and the troops in front could not be clearly distinguished. To make sure that he was not firing on friends, he ordered his command to lie down, and going forward, followed by Lieutenant Harrington (without Walthall's knowledge) he hailed the troops in front, and inquired who they were. The answer was "Kentucky." This was the pass-word which General Crittenden had given out. He repeated his question and received the same answer. Returning to his line, he took his regimental colors and proceeded again to the front and repeated the question, and receiving the same reply he unfurled his colors, when a volley was at once opened upon him from the Fourth Kentucky,* killing Lieutenant

*The following statement is from Dr. Edward Richardson, a well-known physician of Louisville, Kentucky, then surgeon of the Twelfth Kentucky (Union) Infantry:

"My regiment, in company with First and Second Tennessee Infantry, reached Logan's farm, the scene of the conflict, Thursday, January 16th. We had no tents and were, therefore, not noticed by Johnson, the Confederate who reported our numbers to Zollicoffer. We found there in camp upon our arrival the Second Minnesota, Tenth Indiana, and Ninth Ohio. The Fourth Kentucky, under Colonel Speed Fry, with a few hundred of Wolford's cavalry, joined

Harrington, but leaving Walthall untouched. The flag was penetrated by a number of balls, and the staff cut in two.

Walthall then ordered his men to open fire and soon drove their antagonists from under their cover and caused them to fall back a considerable distance, when they were re-inforced by the Tenth Indiana, and the struggle was renewed, Battle at this time, with the Twentieth Tennessee coming up to Walthall's aid, and forming on his right. A fierce engagement ensued at the forks of the road, to which the Federals had been driven, and where the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana were supported by Wolford's Kentucky Cavalry, and subsequently by the Ninth Ohio Infantry.

The entire Federal line was driven back, but was soon re-inforced, and a Federal regiment having gained the left of the Fifteenth Mississippi, and the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment which was on Walthall's left having been forced to retire, Colonel Walthall withdrew his command.

On the open space on the left of Walthall's command, General Zollicoffer was killed.

The Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, Colonel D. H. Cummings, re-inforced the Fifteenth Mississippi and Twentieth Tennessee in the heat of the fight, and was engaged with the Fourth Kentucky under cover of the woods, but was subsequently flanked and forced to retire. The Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiment and Murray's Battalion of Tennesseans were also engaged during the day, but were forced to retire. Rutledge's battery, though placed in position, did not fire a gun, having been ordered to retire without being brought into action. The right of the Federals pressed closely upon the left flank of the Confederates, and suffered comparatively but small loss, owing to the disparity in their arms, the Confederates having mostly flint-lock muskets of old patterns, while the Federals were armed with the latest-improved long-range guns.

When the Confederate line gave way it made its retreat without pursuit from the Federals. Walthall held the right of the Confeder-

us on Saturday, the 18th. The picket firing began about daylight Sunday morning. It was misty and dark, with occasional showers. The first regiment of infantry which met the rebels was the Tenth Indiana. They were forced back and were re-inforced by the Fourth Kentucky and Second Minnesota. These three, with Stanard's battery, did most of the fighting. By the time my regiment was well in line the Confederates were falling back. I reached the body of Zollicoffer a few minutes after he fell, the spot being not more than twenty feet in front of our line. He was quite dead, and so was Bailey Payton, who lay near him. His body was penetrated by several pistol balls from the rear and by a minie which went clear through, from side to side. I have the general's gum coat now, and would like to send it to some of his family."

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ate line, until Battle, commanding the Twentieth Regiment, formed on his right, and held General S. P. Carter's brigade in check until Carter, pressing on his flank, forced him to retire. The Twentieth Tennessee and Fifteenth Mississippi Regiments left the field together and narrowly escaped capture. Colonel Walthall finding a regiment of Federals across his line of retreat, and almost surrounded on all sides by a superior force, moved to the rear with his own immediate command and a portion of Battle's regiment, under command of Captain Rice.

Colonel William Preston Johnston, in his life of his father, General Albert Sidney Johnston, reviewing the battle of Fishing creek, says: "The Mississippi Regiment and Battle's Twentieth Tennessee had borne the brunt of the day. The former had lost over two hundred and twenty men, out of four hundred who had gone into battle. The Twentieth Tennessee lost half as many more, those two regiments thus suffering over three-fourths of all the casualties on that day. They had the advance and were better armed than the other troops. But had they been supported by the remainder of the column with half the valor and determination which the same troops subsequently exhibited on other fields, the result would probably have been different. Their inferior arms, want of discipline, bad handling, and fatigue, sufficiently account for their ill success."

The table of casualties in killed, in eight Confederate regiments (some of them very large), including cavalry and artillery, shows one hundred and twenty-five killed, of which forty-four were in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment; three hundred and nine wounded, of which one hundred and fifty-three were in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, and twenty-nine missing out of ninety-nine.

In Général William H. Carroll's command, twenty-eight were killed and forty-six wounded in his brigade.

In the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment the killed were thirty three, wounded fifty-nine, and missing eighteen. These figures show clearly what commands bore the brunt of the battle.

About a half mile from the point where Colonel Walthall left the field with the remnant of his command, he was joined by Captain James M. Rice with a portion of Colonel Battle's Twentieth Tennessee Regiment. These commands moved towards their former camps several miles, where they met a battalion of cavalry which had been ordered to take up the disabled men, and assist them in getting into camp. One company of cavalry remained in the rear of the command a short time after Colonel Rice joined Colonel Walthall, but soon passed to the front in the direction of the camp.

From the time that Colonel Walthall and Captain Rice, commanding a portion of Battle's regiment, took the road toward the camp, they did not meet any command or part of command of infantry except the short time when the cavalry company moved in the rear. This command had no rear guard on its retrograde movement except such as was furnished from its own men.

After crossing the river Colonel Walthall's command marched in order without straggling, and it preserved its organization perfectly throughout the whole retreat.

In thus recording the eminent services of Walthall's and Battle's commands in the battle of Fishing creek, no disparagement is intended to the other commands in that engagement. Those who failed to earn laurels on that occasion earned them afterward, and it is deemed due to the truth of history to make the record which is here written.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

A HOT MAY-DAY AT RESACA.

The next time I get into a battle where the shape of our line is a horse-shoe, I want to be on the outside. However, I am very well contented to think I will never be in either again. The army of Tennessee bent around like hot iron at Resaca, and while the right filled their canteens from the Oostanaula, the line bulged out and around the little town (I suppose there was a town, I never saw it), and retired throwing the left on the same stream. The "Orphans" were not like hot iron, but more like steel well tempered. Their voices and arms rung out on the May morning like swelling chimes and the flames from the tortuous line waved like a Damascene blade. The whole army was well-nigh invincible, as a trained hero "sighted" every gun. At the break of day our brigade formed a line on an elevation overlooking a valley and opposite some pretty steep hills. A branch ran through the valley with bushes on its banks. In front and to the right of us was a hill which seemed the objective point of the enemy, for the heaviest fighting took place there. It was about sunrise when company "D", of the Fourth, started out as skirmishers. Bearing to the right we crossed the branch and swung our line perpendicular to the main body, while those on our left started up the hill in front. A halt is made, for we are now far from the regiment. Devil Dick, Lieutenants Williams and Lecompt and Reed Caldwell, want more than we were giving them, and advanced a couple of hundred yards further up the valley. Dick shot at the first blue coat he

saw, and in less time than you can tell it, they were busy fighting their way back to us. And before they reached us the hillside to our left, as well as the valley in front, was swarming with Federal soldiers and flags. It was exceedingly warm before we could get started back to our line. We had to run through this open valley several hundred yards, and the enemy popping away at us making a noise like a monster coffee-mill. We finally reached our position in line, and found a few rails thrown up against a log house for our protection. A company of artillery was strung along the command. The Union soldiers, after some delay, came tearing down the hill to the branch, and pushing through made directly for us. It was exciting. When within about one hundred yards, we turned loose on them, and death in all its appalling forms, commenced by hundreds this 14th day of May, 1864. Column after column came down in full view, and moved right toward us. Their colors were planted within seventy-five yards of us once, and remained for some time standing alone, till another line came up and carried them away. Our boys all had black lips from biting cartridges, and powder-stained faces, in streaks, as perspiration took a fancy to line their countenances.

It was harvest time with the Orphan brigade, and every available contrivance was used for reaping the field before us. The artillery roared and belched great clouds of smoke, which enveloped us and nearly blinded us. The enemy got onto a portion of the little hill to the right of us and enfiladed us terribly when their people were not charging. At the head of a column, four lines deep, rode a splendid-looking officer on a gray horse. John Gordon, of company "D", drew a "bead" on him, but was too anxious to make sure of his prize, and "sighted" too long. A minnie-ball struck him full in the forehead, and his corpse quietly sunk down. All day we fought over him, and crowded his lifeless form, and when night came our much-loved messmate was laid under the sod of Georgia. The extreme left of the Fourth Kentucky encountered an old log-house, and it was hard to say which we feared most, the missiles of the enemy or the tumbling logs. The bullets spatted against it like hail. Our gallant little corps of sharpshooters were called into action early, and were placed to our left, and about the right of the Second Kentucky. Their terrible rifles soon attracted the fury of the Federal artillerymen, and the little command was torn and plowed with shot and shell till over half were killed and wounded. James T. Guillian, one of the bravest of the brave, emerged from this terrible

spot with his right arm hanging to his shoulder by a piece of skin and flesh, and walking back to the surgeon unaided, had it amputated without taking chloroform. He was from Russellville, and was a member of Company "I", Fourth Kentucky, and conspicuous as a fearless sharpshooter.

In the meantime, line after line charged us, and fell back until the little branch in front seemed to be full of men lying down under its friendly bank; they fired incessantly with their repeating guns. Night coming on, we threw pickets a short distance in front, and addressed ourselves to the important business of going in the ground. When daylight enabled our foe to open his batteries again we were "deep down" with sixteen feet of solid clay in front of us. We peacefully laid down in the bottom of our trenches, and slept or listened dreamily to their incessant, though ineffectual cannonading, and the never-ceasing popping of their small arms. By the second night it was known that they were flanking us, and we commenced to undo the horse-shoe, once more stringing silently South. The open part of the shoe was so small that some confusion took place as we entered the little bridge over the Oostanaula. But the presence of our generals re-assured us, and we passed back with no fear of the future.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

SURRENDER—1864.

Come to me and let me tell you, my beloved, my beloved,

What has passed since grief befell you, and your brow a shadow wore,
For my heart has learned a lesson, through the distance, through thy absence,
That it knew not of, nor dreamed of, in the happy days of yore,

In the careless hours of yore,
Brilliant nights of vanished yore.

Once at eve a tale was told me, my beloved, my beloved,

And my heart grew sad within me, and the sun shone dim above—
For a voice within me whispered, "Choose a wreath of Fame's bright holly."
Love is wanton youth's first folly, but the cooing of a dove,
The soft wooing of a dove,
Tender language of a dove.

Other scenes had stretched before you, my beloved, my beloved,

And each circling season bore you further from my small renown.
Every fond word that had wakened my life's morning, youth's bright dawning,
Seemed forever hushed in silence, as Time beat its shadow down,
As my early dreams sank down,
Like fair ships, with woe went down.

Yet a rush of tears came o'er me, my beloved, my beloved,
 As I thought—I know a story that the angels sing above,
 And I answered: "I recall it, tho' 'tis fainter, tho' 'tis dimmer,
 Tho' its tones with time are hoary, yet it gives my heart its love;
 Feeds my hungered soul its love,
 Brings my heart its long-lost love."

Thus was vanquished each temptation! My beloved, my beloved,
 Thy unstudied Life's translation was not syllabeled in vain;
 In my heart it long hath lingered, and when now thy hopes have faltered,
 With its harmony unaltered, it doth come to thee again;
 Comes to conquer doubt again,
 To entreat thy faith again.

For Truth, priceless and enduring, my beloved, my beloved,
 With its steady beams outpouring, yet must light this earth afar,
 If below is bravely anchored, as a harbor, as a haven,
 Still the hallowed home of liberty, where love alone is law,
 Where is mocked the world's stern law,
 Loosed each outward bond of law.

Fresh is Spring and pure its showers, my beloved, my beloved,
 And for us are Nature's flowers, in their daily beauty drest.
 We have struggled, we have striven, by the world's ambitions driven,
 But at last to us is given the sweet harbinger of Rest,
 The long bourne of untold rest,
 Love's fair home of Peace and Rest.

LADY BEAN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

PATRIOTISM VERSUS LOVE.

PART I.



HE glorious sunlight of a ripe September afternoon shone in unclouded brilliancy, bathing hillside and valley in a flood of golden light. Along the foot of a thickly-wooded hill a laughing, sparkling brook wound its way, mingling its music with the soft tinkle of a distant cow-bell, now in deep shadow of overhanging foliage and now leaping into the broad sunlight again. Hill after hill rises to view, until they grow into very mountains, and the majestic peaks of the grand old Alleghanies are recognized. Along the banks of the stream runs a country road, which, at this time of the year, is usually in a condition unfavorable to rapid travel, leading, as it does, from an iron furnace in the neighborhood to the nearest railway station, and, consequently,

much cut up by the heavily-laden wagons which pass continually over it.

Picking her way carefully along between mud-holes and ruts, might be seen a rustic maiden, mounted on a dark, roan mare, whose plump proportions and shapely limbs accounted for the name of "Dumpling," which her mistress had bestowed upon her. Amy Deering was the acknowledged "Queen of Hearts" all the country around, but more especially in the little village which lay nestled among the hills near the furnace; though, since the breaking out of the war, the ranks of her faithful subjects had become sadly depleted, and the force of circumstances, or, probably, an unerring destiny, had rather inclined her to lend a too willing ear to the suit of a youth who had entered the lists with several others, but who now, having the field to himself, soon won from Amy a promise of undying devotion.

When the war between the North and South commenced, Robin Campbell occupied a lucrative and important position in a furnace which employed numbers of men in the manufacture of iron; it was, therefore, continued in active operation for the first eighteen months, being situated in one of the richest iron counties in North-west Virginia. Far removed as the neighborhood was from the seat of war, and hemmed in on all sides by the everlasting hills, its rustic population knew little, by experience, of the terrible conflict that was devastating the country at no great distance from them, although some of the young men had gone off at the first call to arms—most of them to join the Federal side—and now and then a visit from one of them would excite their quiet village no little.

Amy's thoughtful countenance, as she rode carefully along, was not in keeping with her usual blithesome air, while her dark, brown eyes were a trifle dim. A bunch of the mountain laurel, gathered from a bush that overhung the roadside, was tucked in her belt, while another large cluster swung from her saddle-bow. Her broad-brimmed hat shades a face of unusual beauty, no added charm of dress or fashion disputing with nature's lavish gifts. The glow of health mantles her rounded cheek with a color which would have excited the envy of her paler sister of the city, whose main resort for the great beautifier is usually the nearest drug store.

Presently, the clatter of horses' feet just behind her arrests her attention, and, looking back, she sees Robin Campbell riding rapidly toward her, heedless alike of mud and ruts. Drawing her rein, she waits a moment, and he is by her side.

"Why, Robin, what can be the matter that you are leaving the furnace so early? Has anything happened?" she said, in almost one breath.

"Yes, dear Amy. I was just starting off very unexpectedly, to be gone until to-morrow, and consider myself fortunate to have met you. At last, I am going in the army. Unusual inducements are offered me, and the time has come now, I think, to take the step. The furnace, you know, is to be closed, and, with nothing to do at home, I would be subject to the draft at any time."

Amy listened with a beating heart. This was the fear that had oppressed her, but she scarcely expected it so soon.

"When will you go, Robin, and where?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"O, I have had a fine offer made me—a thousand dollars and the prospect of a commission. Mr. —— is liable to be drafted, too, but he has plenty of money, and means to stay at home. I'll make a right nice thing of it, don't you think?"

"O, Robin," said Amy, in tones of distress, "you surely won't go in the Union army?"

"Why not, my darling. If I had gone when the war just commenced, I expect I would have gone in the Southern army, but, I tell you now, Amy, that it don't pay to be a Confederate, while you are almost sure to be either killed or crippled, and I know you don't want anything of that sort to happen," he added, tenderly, resting his hand on the pommel of her saddle as he rode close beside her.

"If I were a man, I should help the South," presently answered Amy, with spirit.

"I thank the good Lord that you are not a man, my best beloved. Look at me, and let me see one smile of approval, won't you?" plead Robin earnestly.

But Amy kept her face averted while she answered:

"I am disappointed, Robin. I thought, if you ever went to the war, you would help the South."

"Amy, that is all a false sentiment. I have got no niggers to fight for; why should I help the South? I tell you, there is nothing to be gained by it, and a great deal to lose."

"But, Robin, you are mistaken in thinking the South is simply fighting for her slaves. Granny says that she is fighting for a right guaranteed her under the constitution. I don't know much about it myself, but it does seem unjust to try to deprive her of her rights, or take her property without paying for it."

"I am truly sorry that you think as you do, but I hope you will learn to look upon this matter differently for my sake."

"I don't believe I can, Robin. I have thought about it a good deal lately, since there seemed a probability of your going, and the more I think of it, the harder it seems to have you join the Union army. Granny says if he were a young man, he would fight for the South, even if he got no pay, and you know he never owned any slaves."

"O, Amy!" answered Robin, impatiently, "you must not listen to your grandfather; he is behind the times. It seems to me that I should be the one to influence your opinions now. The war can't last much longer, and the North is bound to whip. What will I gain by going into the Southern army? No, no, darling; it would never do. It is your duty to look at it my way."

But Amy did not seem convinced, and rode silently along by his side. Her right hand stroked Dumpling's glossy coat affectionately, while her face was still turned from him, but every outline of her well-rounded figure betokened thoughtful anxiety.

"And your only regret in the matter," continued Robin presently, "is that I am not going in the rebel army? I flattered myself, Amy, that it was anxiety for my safety. If you loved me as you say you do, that would be the way of it."

"It is because I love you, Robin, that I want to see you on the side of right and honor. There is as much danger one place as another, if a man does his duty, and the Northern side is no place for a Southern man."

"I am convinced, Amy, that you do not love me, or you would see the matter with my eyes, instead of letting your grandfather prejudice you, as I see he has done," said Robin, in some anger.

Very little more was said by either before they reached a turn in the road, where their ways diverged.

"I must leave you here, Amy, as I have business calling me to the lower end of the county, but will see you again to-morrow night upon my return. In the meantime, dearest Amy, try and view things from my standpoint, as it is your duty to do, now; will you not, darling?"

Amy put her hand into the one he held toward her, but said nothing except a low, "Good-bye," and, withdrawing it hastily again, gave Dumpling the rein and dashed away from her lover's side, leaving him surprised, as well as distressed, at her sudden leave-taking. Robin's first impulse was to follow her and insist upon a more affec-

tionate dismissal, but he had already lingered too long by her side, and the slanting shadows reminded him that he had not many more hours of daylight in which to make the ride before him; so, after watching her till a turn in the road hid her from his view, hoping for one parting look or signal, which was, however, denied him, he turned his horse's head and rode at fullest speed in the opposite direction. Amy *felt* that Robin watched her, and the consciousness of her power to inflict a disappointment in return for what she had just been made to suffer at his hands, gave her some satisfaction. So, not until the turn of the road was reached, which hid her completely from his view, did she slacken her speed.

"You shan't go fast any more this warm evening, dear old Dumpling," she presently said, in affectionate tones, which the animal recognized by a soft little nicker, and forthwith fell into her most comfortable jog-trot. The most perfect understanding and sympathy existed between the pair, and not the wealth of the Indies could have purchased from Amy her faithful roan.

She soon reached the village, and stopped in front of a picturesque cottage, which stood at the head of its principal street, where she lived with her widowed mother and aged grandfather. Before going into the house, however, she first divested herself of her long riding-skirt, then relieving Dumpling of her saddle, led her away to a green field near by. The dumb animal pressed her nose to her mistress' face, and, with a parting caress from Amy, they separated for the night. Returning to the house once more, she found her mother and grandfather already seated at their evening meal.

"You are late, Amy," said her mother. "You shouldn't ride so far these times; it makes me uneasy about you."

"Why, mother, you need never be afraid of anything when I am riding. What do you suppose could catch me on Dumpling's back? Besides, I met Robin in my ride, and he came part of the way with me."

"What's this tale, Amy, about the furnace shuttin' down?" said her grandfather.

"It is true, granny. Robin told me so this evening," answered Amy, sadly.

"And what will Robin do?" asked Mrs. Deering and her grandfather in almost the same breath.

"He is going into the army," said Amy, without raising her eyes from her plate.

"Well, that's right," exclaimed the old man, fervently. "That is

as it should be. Young blood is not what it was in my day. I couldn't have staid at home this long. Old as I am, it tingles to my finger ends when I hear of the hard-fought battles and glorious victories which the South is gaining every day. Ah! she will be free yet, I know she will."

"When does he leave, Amy?" asked her mother.

"Very soon, I believe," said Amy, with her eyes still downcast.

"Really, Amy, I thought you would be proud to have him go. I didn't expect to see you look so mournful when the time came. Cheer up, my child. They say that a man's weight in lead is always wasted before he is shot, and, going in at this late day, Robin's chances to get through safe are pretty good. I thought you were a better soldier yourself."

But Amy took little comfort from all these assurances. No longer able to control her tears, she leaned forward upon the table, and, resting her head upon her arm, gave way to a violent burst of weeping.

"Why, Amy, my child, what is the matter? What makes you take on so? Don't you want Robin to go?"

"Yes, mother," sobbed Amy at last, "but not in the Union army."

"The Union army!" cried the old man, and his withered form looked almost majestic in its wrath, as, rising from the table, he came to Amy's side. "There must be a mistake. The boy I have promised should wed my little Amy turn traitor to his State? No, no, it can not be, child."

Amy had never seen the gentle, old man so wrought up before, and, for a moment, she flinched before his wrath, but her love for Robin was true, and she tried to plead his cause.

"He has been offered a big sum of money, granny, and will get an officer's place, while he says that nothing is to be gained by being a rebel now."

"My child," said her grandfather, solemnly, "the highest price that treason can command can never make it honorable. No, Amy, if he turns traitor to his State, it is your duty to forget him. He is no longer worthy of your love, and no good could result from a union with such a man."

"I thought better of Robin. He has been tampered with, I know," said Mrs. Deering.

"Tampered with? Confound him, he should be above being tampered with. No, Amy, my child, he is not good enough for you if he takes this step, and the sooner you forget him the better."

Amy soon carried her grief to the quiet of her own chamber, where, after tossing restlessly for some time, she fell into a troubled sleep. In her dreams, she saw Robin at a great distance from her, with outstretched hands and pleading look, but between them stood the figure of her grandfather, grown to the proportions of a hideous ogre. Then again she saw his bleeding form on the battle-field, gasping for one drop from a sparkling spring near him, but, whenever she would advance to administer the cooling draught which he craved, an unseen hand held her back, and the slumber, which should have brought rest and refreshment, only added to her forebodings when she arose from her couch with the early dawn.

VERITAS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMP NICHOLS—THE LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME.



MUST begin with a digression, for, as thought concentrates itself upon this pleasant subject, one is irresistibly impelled to remember the delightful ride thitherward, and to wonder if any other city in the United States can boast of *street-car routes* so beautiful. The visitor to "Camp Nichols" taking on Canal street a car of the Esplanade and Bayou Bridge line, is borne smoothly along for miles under cool, green arches of oak trees, a broad street on either side, bordered by elegant residences and lovely, fragrant gardens.

Looking back, where the green arcade narrows away in the distance, or forward, to observe how the rough track is made beautiful by the shadows of dancing leaves and boughs—glancing at the rapidly succeeding pictures of beauty and comfort on either side—inhaling the mingled perfume of flowers—one is placed under a spell of enchantment which lasts until at "Bayou Bridge," the end of the route is reached. Leaving the car, a very short walk along the banks of the bayou, brings the visitor to the "Camp." Upon entering the gate, the first thought is "how pleasant, how peaceful, how homelike." The comfortable-looking house is beautifully shaded by large live oaks. Under these the green grass is diversified by neatly-kept walks. Midway between the outer gate and the house, a small stream is spanned by a rustic bridge. As I stood upon this bridge and saw upon the pleasant galleries in front of their rooms the maimed and scarred veterans sitting in groups or apart, tranquilly smoking and

chatting or reading, the dying words of our Stonewall Jackson came into my mind, "Let us cross the river and *rest* in the shade of the trees." To him was given *eternal rest*. The weary spirit even then stood by the river of death and viewed beyond the trees of Paradise. Less happy *these*—who remained—to witness the downfall of hope. Ah, what can be more glorious, yet more deeply sorrowful than the story of their past. The strength and beauty of their youth and early manhood was freely given to the cause they deemed sacred. It was, alas! *lost*—and the tempest of war subsiding, left upon a desolate shore, these wrecks.

Returning after the war to find only ruined homes and shattered fortunes, those who had retained health and strength found them taxed to the utmost. Necessity held them in bonds of iron, and the demands of helpless families absorbed them. *All the same*, many hearts have been often and painfully stirred by the silent appeals of maimed and suffering comrades, and the faithful few have never ceased to hope and strive for the result now attained in "The Soldiers' Home."

It is pleasant to feel that the first rays of the newly-arisen sun of prosperity have dispelled the darkness wherein these poor fellows have wandered so long, revealing to them the kindly faces of *brothers*, who, having gone in search of them, will lead them to *home* and *rest*.

As I said before, "the Home" viewed from the bridge a few hundred yards in front, suggests ideas of comfort, which are fully realized upon a closer investigation. The rooms are delightfully situated (opening upon a shaded gallery), perfectly ventilated and very cool, furnished with iron bedsteads, comfortable and cleanly bedding, wardrobes or bureaus, and washstands. The library and reception-room is a charming nook embellished with many gifts from loving hands. Immediately opposite the entrance is placed an excellent portrait of General Francis L. Nichols, a hero whom *all* (Louisianians, especially), delight to honor. From the bloody battle-fields of Northern Virginia, he brought back a mangled and shattered body, but enough to hold and enshrine a powerful, active brain, and a heart as brave and generous as ever beat in human bosom. He is idolized by his comrades and beloved by us all. By a unanimous vote of the board of directors, the Home has been called "Camp Nichols," and from a gracefully-proportioned flag-staff placed directly in front of the reception-room (the gift of the army of Tennessee), floats a banner whereon this honored name was embroidered by the daughters of Generals Lee and Jackson during their recent visit to New Orleans.

The dining-room is very large, well-lighted, and fairly *shines* with cleanliness. In short, every appointment is excellent, and every effort of managers and officers is directed toward making the disabled veterans feel that they are honored inmates of a *home* which they have *earned* and *deserve*, not recipients of charity. Camp Nichols may well be called a trysting-place of heroes. Here old comrades meet *as* comrades and *friends*. In the warm grasp of hands there is no suspicion of patronage. Right down into these brave, long-suffering hearts shine glances full of the unforgotten "light of other days," causing eyes, dim and clouded by care and sorrow, to beam with a responsive brightness. Ah! who shall undertake to estimate the value and blessedness of this work?

The Legislature of Louisiana organized this enterprise in 1881, making a yearly appropriation for its support. It is designed for all soldiers of Louisiana who have been disabled by wounds received in her service, or have become incapacitated by age or disability; is controlled by a board of directors also created by the State, consisting of the President, *three* Vice-Presidents, and Recording Secretary of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the President, *three* Vice-Presidents and Recording Secretary of the Army of Tennessee. The harmonious action of this board is nobly sustained by the members composing both organizations.

The President of the Army of Tennessee, Judge Walter Rogers, is an indefatigable worker, as he was once a brave and faithful soldier. He may with perfect truth be written "as one who loves his fellow-men" (*especially his fellow-soldiers*). I believe he will, as long as he lives, stand a faithful sentinel upon "the sands of time," watching lest the ever-encroaching tide of years may obliterate sacred foot-prints. * * * * *

All arrangements having been nearly completed, the Home was opened January 1st, 1884. Eight soldiers were at once admitted, and since the number has been increased to twenty. Under the rules of the institution no compulsory labor is allowed except that necessary to properly police the quarters. Yet all feel so deep an interest in their *home* that they yield willing assistance whenever asked. They choose such occupations as they are physically able to perform and take delight in keeping things in order.

"The Home" has many friends outside of the Confederate organizations, none more zealous and truly kind than the officers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic "Mower Post." These are frequent and welcome visitors to Camp Nichols, and have

shown both generosity and thoughtfulness in their contributions to the comfort of its inmates.

The superintendent, Captain William Bullitt, was selected on account of his soldierly qualities and excellent administrative abilities, and by a unanimous vote of the board elected to fill the position. His record is untarnished and excellent. At the inception of the war, having assisted in raising the First Company Louisiana Guards, he went out as first lieutenant of the same, won by promotion the rank of captain, and afterward of major, which he held at the close of the war. Used, therefore, to command, he also brings to his work a thorough love for it, and an amount of intelligence in interpreting and skill in carrying out arrangements and improvements proposed by the board of directors, which insures success and the satisfaction of all concerned.

"God bless our Home," *"and let the light of His countenance shine upon it and bless it."*

And may God strengthen the kindly hands which have led these weary ones away from thorny pathways "through green pastures and beside still waters." May they never falter nor fail until the all-merciful Father shall Himself provide the "rod and staff" which shall guide *all* through the dark valley to rest eternal.

FANNIE A. BEERS.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

CAPTAIN THOMAS E. KING.

"Every man should be a hero, when his country's liberty is imperiled."



HE "Roswell Volunteer Guards," under Captain T. E. King, was mustered into the service of the Confederate States of America, on the 31st day of May 1861, and was among the first troops ordered to Virginia.

Captain King was certainly a wonderful man. His character was well balanced; his judgment excellent, and his energy as unflagging as his business capacity was rare. His face wore, almost always, a radiant smile, and he was so genial and sympathetic as to win the affection alike of rich and poor, white and black, adults and children. His men idolized him; and were they to be censured for it? He was dignified and decided when circumstances required; but off duty, he was as intimate with them as a brother; would carry the musket and knapsack of a weary soldier, and fast himself to feed the hungry.

His influence over his men was such as to *reform* them ; from love to him, all, even the most profane and wicked would assemble nightly at his marquee to attend the reading and exposition of a portion of scripture, and his fervent prayer. *No man in his entire company was ever known to profane the name of God in his hearing.*

At the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, he was shot in the ankle, but standing up for sometime on one leg, holding on to the branch of a tree, he coolly gave orders, cheered his men, and prayed, until he was removed from the field. One who assisted in taking him from the battle-ground testifies:

"It is a remarkable fact that while passing through crowds of soldiers of different regiments, his prayers amazed and arrested a company of South Carolinians. At this juncture, the wounded captain espying a body of Zouaves not far distant, cried out to the Carolinians: '*Forward, boys!*' The order was instantly and gallantly executed, capturing a portion, and driving the residue."

It was fully a year before Captain King could lay aside his crutches, and he walked with a cane to the day of his death. *He could not stand without its support.* Not one step could he take without pain, and if he struck his lame foot against a pebble, or any unevenness, he was thrown to the ground in great agony, unless his staff was strong enough to sustain him. A cripple for life!—he knew this, yet recorded in his note book this resolution:

"As for me, if I fail in every other work and object in life, I will go to the grave and to the bar of God with the happy consciousness that I have done my part toward the deliverance of my country in the day of her sore trial."

He had a charming family and many loving relatives and friends. He was engaged in an important and lucrative occupation which needed his constant, personal attention; but with his spirit, it is not surprising that he disregarded all personal interests when his country called so loudly for aid.

He commanded the infantry, cavalry and artillery raised for the defense of Roswell; but as there was no likelihood of an immediate raid, he obtained a furlough that he might go to a field where a bloody battle was daily expected.

It is emphatically true, that he had no physical power to walk a step, *nor even to mount his horse without assistance; but when mounted he could ride*, and render his country efficient service.

"My son," said his father, "you are not able to go."

"Father," replied the brave soldier, "our State is invaded—our

family is not represented on *that* battle-field—I *must* go!" The response came slowly but distinctly: "Go, my son, and the Lord go with you."

On Chicamauga creek, the Confederate forces under General Bragg, and the Federal army under General Rosecrans, were drawn up in a line of battle, September 19, 1863. It was a well known fact that Brigadier-General Preston Smith was about to enter upon the conflict with an *inadequate* staff. All eyes and hearts were toward the front. An officer in captain's uniform rode up to the general. It was our gallant Captain King; but no one there knew him. A few hurried words were spoken, and then the battle opened. This brave volunteer aid rode rapidly from one point to another in the thickest of the fight, conveying the General's orders.

All day long, through the din of the battle, the thunder of cannon and whizzing of shell, he was to be seen with bright, animated countenance and cheering tone, encouraging the men, leading regiments, or bearing commands.

The duties of the day seemed over. This captain without one acquaintance in the brigade sat by himself, and taking his note-book from his pocket made his last entry.

"*Saturday, 19th, 5 p.m.* Have seen the enemy once more. The roar of the cannon, and the rattle of the musketry, bring vividly to mind the memorable 21st of July, 1861; from which time I have been out of service. Brigadier-General Preston Smith, gave me position on his staff. Through the mercies of a kind providence, who has shielded me with His wings, I have been preserved without a wound, amidst the hundreds of wounded around me, and the thousands of shot and shell, which sung the requiem of our dead boys. Thank God who gave me strength. I feel that so far as I am concerned, I have done my duty. All is quiet along the lines. The result, I do not yet know. Sharpshooters are pegging away, but no brigade is engaged. My loving wife and my little boys, I know, pray for me."

Even then the brigade was startled, and all was astir. The command "*Forward*" had been given by General Polk. The staff were all mounted, when a bystander remarked to Captain King that his saddle did not seem secure. "Thank you, Doctor; that's right," he exclaimed, "see it well fastened; for you know if I once get down, I can't get up again."

As he spoke, the troops moved. The command charged the enemy—a volley was discharged by the retreating foe—not an officer escaped! Captain Donelson fell dead; General Smith lived a half

hour; Captain King, an hour and a half. A few days later, the bodies of these brave men were removed from the field of battle. Captain King's remains were interred in the cemetery of his own little town, amid the tears and lamentations of the people, bond and free, who followed in crowds to pay to him the last honor in their power.

The combination of strength and gentleness in Captain King's character, was conspicuous and rare. It was the admiration of his friends, and the secret of that magnetic influence he exerted over all with whom he came in contact. One man, almost a stranger, in speaking of him, said:

"There seemed to be a 'God bless you' in the very clasp of his hand."

He was brimming full of life and mirth, and no one enjoyed a good joke or anecdote more than he; but one of his most remarkable traits was the facility with which he passed from the lightest to the gravest themes.

His conception of God seemed an ever-present realization, and his heart was kept ever warm with the love of Christ, and his greatest desire was to inspire others with the same loving trust.

This sketch is not overdrawn, nor is it painted in colors clear enough to show the whole truth.

Hear the testimony of one who saw him but for a single day. One of the most distinguished officers of General Polk's staff, on the battle-field, wrote with his own hand in Captain King's war manual, the following encomium:

"His gallantry upon the battle-field was conspicuous; and since this war began, no nobler, braver, or truer heart has been offered a sacrifice to the great cause."

Those who knew him best, may well say: "The half can not be told."

Few people in the South have any idea of the pains taken in the North to preserve the memory of the men who fell in defense of the Union. From the number we have seen we infer that there must be at least fifty periodicals of all sorts devoted partly or wholly to this object. The circulation of some is immense, reaching as high in one instance as sixty thousand. If we were to measure the interest the men of the South take in cherishing the memory of their heroic age by the support lent to the few periodicals devoted to this purpose, we would be forced to conclude that they take very little.

Youths' Department.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

HIDING THE SILVER.

About five years before the war, there lived near the Pamunkey river, in Virginia, a planter by the name of Robinson. He dwelt in an old-fashioned house, with high gables and tall chimneys, and with his wife and three children, was about as happy as a man could well be. As he was the owner of about a dozen slaves of all ages, it may appear strange that he did not suffer from biting remorse, but he did not, and what is, perhaps, stranger still, his slaves seemed happier than their master. His eldest boy, Robert, was a fine young fellow, and though accomplished in the studies and exercises which confer the manly graces, he could do a man's full part in any kind of farm labor.

The two younger children, James and Eliza, whom our story most concerns, were just big enough to be let go out of sight without a nurse. They were so fond of each other that from daylight to sundown, they were always seen together. In the long summer days they trotted about from one object of interest to another, like a pair of little kids. Before the rays of the morning sun could brighten Eliza's room, James was banging at her door, and soon the busy couple began their formal round of sight-seeing and fun. James never liked to stop long at the same place. Eliza was "the other way;" but come what might, she *would* keep up with James. The first thing before breakfast was a visit to the pigeons who always gave them a hearty reception. Upon the approach of the visitors, their wings would flap a little flap, and you could almost hear them laugh, for they were just as sure as pigeons could be, that the children were bringing something nice for breakfast. They would sit in their laps, and eat out of their hands, and not mind being tossed up, and even spanked a little as long as the bread lasted.

After breakfast the first thing was a visit to Billy, the calf. Billy was not allowed to suck his mother, and so he tried to suck everything else that came in his way. This nearly tickled the children to death. They would stand and almost let Billy suck the ends of their fingers off, taking them out of his mouth now and then to "watch him

butt." Their many visits, the cook thought, kept Billy poor, and she tried all she knew how to keep them away. She never could do it, though, till one day their brother Robert brought a land terrapin home. This new monster, with his terrible countenance, shining eyes and snaky tail, was as good as a whole menagerie. The children would gaze and gaze, ready to jump out of their skin if the ter-



rapin would but wink an eye. The cook noticed their fear of the new arrival, and so she put him right by the calf and put a box over him. Never did a dragon guard a treasure from robbers better than the terrapin guarded the calf from the visits of the children. Being thus cheated out of one unfailing source of fun, they quickly resorted to others, and like bees, as it were, went from flower to flower. Well, as a dream, the years rolled by, and the children, as they grew,

were still inseparable. By and by the war came, and though they did not understand it, yet when they saw their brother go off to join the army, and witnessed the tearful parting between mother and son, they knew it was something dreadful.

They missed him much, but they saw that their mother missed him more, and they often now surprised her sitting in silent thought or poring over her Bible. Still the war brought novelties, and at times it seemed to the thoughtless children that it was a sort of a holiday. Gaily-dressed horsemen often passed the house, and sometimes stayed all night. A year was full of events then, and little children grew old before their time. They soon found out what war meant. They watched for the passing troops when Johnston went to meet McClellan at Yorktown, and over the smooth river which washed the edge of their father's farm, they saw gliding by fleets of sloops loaded with provisions for the Southern army. Each day, now, was fateful. Would Johnston fall back? They heard that question often discussed. In their daily rambles through the fields, they could but notice how often the negroes from adjoining farms were talking with their father's slaves. In the kitchen the conversation often stopped when the children entered, and they could sometimes see strange men flitting around the negro quarters after dark. It was not long before James and Eliza got a pretty clear idea of the condition of things, and began to treat the negroes like a Grecian philosopher advised a man to treat his friends, namely, as if they might one day become their enemies.

Well, one day a passing horseman reported that Johnston was falling back. The curse was upon them now and they had to bear it as best they could. To save anything of value, there had to be some skillful hiding from a portion of the household, as well as from the open enemy. The concealment of the bacon had to be entrusted to some of the negroes, but the valuables had to be stowed away by Mrs. Robinson and her children. For soon after the news of the retreat arrived Mr. Robinson had taken two of his negro men and run off the stock.

A council of war was held in the parlor with closed doors, Mrs. Robinson presiding. The most troublesome thing to hide was the family silver. "Mamma," said Eliza, "leave it to Jim and me, we know plenty of places the Yankees will never find." "Those, my child, are the very spots they will find and examine most closely." "Let's put 'em under the floor," said Jim. "Pshaw," said Eliza, "that'll be the very first place they will spy into, you see if they

don't." In the same way the ceiling, wash-house, garret, and chimney were suggested by Jim and rejected by mother and daughter.

"I'll tell you," said Eliza, with a triumphant toss of her head, "Jim and I will just take our basket and spade, and as we do every day, go hunting ferns and roots, and we'll bury the things right out in the field, where they will never think of looking."

After talking it over, this was the plan agreed upon, and the children were directed to go out in the adjoining field and bury them in sight of the house, but never to look around at all. In the meantime, Mrs. Robinson was to keep the negroes busy with hiding the provisions in the kitchen garret.

As soon as the blacks were busily engaged, James and Eliza sallied forth and dug a hole among some ferns. It was quite a torment not to be able to look around, but they went through it heroically, and returned after quite a ramble with their basket full of roots and things. Next day a small troop of Federal cavalry arrived. They did not wait for an invitation to "light," but speedily dismounted and walked in. The demand for dinner was peremptory and was quickly complied with. While the officers were eating in the dining-room, the men were regaling themselves in the kitchen and prowling through the house and appropriating small articles of value.

After dinner the captain rode away, but three stragglers lingered one of whom was a fierce, villainous-looking wretch. Soon he came dragging his sabre into the dining-room. "Hasn't you a little brandy for a sick feller?" said he. Fearing to refuse, Mrs. Robinson gave him a bottle of wine. Pretty soon they wanted more. Flushed with the liquor they now demanded money and valuables. They met with a stubborn refusal and commenced a search, smashing the furniture occasionally. Presently the leader seized James and said, "You rebel pup, I'll jist drown you in the spring if you don't tell me where your mother's silver is," for he had found out from the negroes that it was hidden somewhere near. James was game to the last. Twice was he ducked and still refused, when Eliza fearing he would be drowned, cried out, "Don't tell Jim, here comes some of our soldiers, I saw 'em just now from the up-stairs window." In a moment James was dropped, the horses mounted, and the robbers, at break-neck speed, made for the nearest woods.

AUNT CHARLOTTE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

UNCLE GEORGE IN DANGER.

"When I woked up next mornin' at Williamsport," continued Uncle George, "I hyeard a rattlin' of de boxes, and speerin' roun' I seen Dobbin's nose a rummagin for cold vitules. You see the ole raskel is jes' like Marse John—bery tickler 'bout havin' breakfas' at de reg'lar time. I knowed it wuzn't no use to try to put *him* off, so I riz rite up, if my head wuz achin' fit to bust."

"Why; what gave you the headache?"

"The way I wuz a layin', hunny, or it might be de crock ob sour cream I tuck and drunk the Sunday afore. When I got out and tuck a look, I seed the big Pertomac a piece off fru de bushes, and jis' behind me wuz a high bank, which I most know wuz nigh half a mile long, and 'tween it and de ribber wuz thousands of white-topped waggins. I didn't think dar wuz so many waggins in de world. Dey had cum, I spec, to cross de ribber, but concluded it was a little too full. I kin tell you more, too, 'bout de posishun if you doant understan', for I wuzn't so long a militarian with General Lee for nuffin. 'Sides de few days I spent dar wuz mity full of lively doin's."

"You remember them, pretty well, I suppose."

"When Uncle George disremembers them, you kin order his buryin' close. Well, arter awhile breakfas' cum and we sot and sot a drinkin' Chambersburg coffee an' eatin' flopper-jacks a drippin' with Pennsylvania hog grease. Nigh by roared the Pertomac, for de rains had swelled her scanlous, an' she shuck her white caps as much to say 'you needn't to think you are gwyin to git 'cross me soon; you stay on yo' own side next time, you heah me.' Brown's Luke when he seed de ribber gettin' bigger and bigger, 'lowed dat General Lee ort to fell back afore the freshit. Mr. Blakely cum along jes' then an' told him to shet up, that he didn't 'tend to have no treason nor insubordination in his command; that General Lee didn't kere fo' de Pertomac nor no other runnin' water. He hadn't more 'n got de words out of his mouth afore we hyeard a cannon go off jes' beyant the high bank of which I've dun spoke. Mr. Blakely was stooped down to light his pipe, and he got up agin so quick that he fell over the other way. When he riz up he wuz keerful by a siddlin' motion to git a tall stump 'tween him an' de pint of danger.

"'Marse Zeb's hoss artillery is havin' a little fun,' said I keepin' as cool as a cucumber 'I wish dey'd practiss a good deal fudder

from de train, dey will skeer de hosses,' said Mr. Blakely a sighten ober de stump.

"I knowed it was a mity honory hoss would skeer afore him, but I kep my mouth shet and looked strait over de bank. Presently I hyearn a soun dat always turns my stummic. It was de drap-drap-drappin fire of the squirmishers. Mr. Blakely smoked orful now for he hyearn it too and we didn't need nobody to tell us it was gittin nearer and nearer.

"'Shootin' off wet guns after de rain,' sed Brown's Luke in a kinder consoln' way. 'Pears to me,' said Mr. Blakely 'our men is fallen back.' Ker boom went a big gun rite over de bank and we seen de smoke rizin up over de tree tops. Jes' then, up de bot-tom fru de waggins cum a gallipin on his bay mare, young Smith Johnson, Major Moore's clerk. He wasn't much more 'n a boy, but in a fite he was a head of a family. Major Moore, I hyearn say, had promised his mother to take keer of him, but you mite jes a well have mistrusted a hen to take care of a young duck. When we wuz in camp Smith wuz allers writin' and fixin' de books, but soon as de shootin' begun he was up and gone. When I seed him cummin' like a blue streak I knowed summin' onkommin was nigh at hand. He stopped whar we wuz a stanin' and said: 'Mr. Blakely, help me to git together quick as you kin all the white drivers and arm them. A heavy colum of Yankees is tryin' to take the camp.'

"'Whar, whar is *our* cavalry?' sed Mr. Blakely. 'Rite over there,' sed he pinting with his han', 'two regements agin six.' 'Come, hurry up.' Boom, bang, and jis beyond us into de Per-tummic busted a bumper shell.

"'Hunny, did you ever when you wuz little keep turnin' aroun' till you was sick and de trees and houses gin to rar up on dar hin' legs and dance a hoe down? You has? Well dat's jis de way I felt when arter de first bumper, more kep a kummin' a-tarin up the land and water. De critters in course wuz a rarin' and snortin' and breakin' loose all aroun'.

"Us drivers took out for de high bank and scrouched close up to it. But Smith Johnson, sakes alive! he jis straitened hisself in de saddle, and wavin' his cocked pistol above his head, called on de white drivers to git guns and sho demselves men.

"'Sam Bowers, what wuz a shoemaker, stepped out fust man. Pooty soon quite a lot fell into line. Bowers wuz a mity sour man and never sed nuffin in camp, but he was full of talk now, pealin' to de men. Smith made him a hosseffer.

"I suppose he put them all under command of Mr. Blakely."

"Don't spose, hunny, you could a got ennything under Mr. Blakely then, not even a knife-blade, he was dat close to de groun' ahind de stump. Peared like he was tryin' to dive out of sight. Pooty soon dar was a kind of lull, and I was tryin' to ketch Dobbin, which, of course, had bruk loose, when Smith said, 'Uncle George.' 'Sah,' said I, in a military way. 'Take charge of the cullud drivers and git de hosses under de bank. It'll be tollable hot here directly.'

"You better believe it was all-fired so afore we got dem animals under kiver, but, hunny, I was so concerned about Smith that I didn't mind 'em much. Howsomever, we got 'em dar about de time de yearthquake opened. Brown's Luke got ahind a tree on de top of the bank, and kep' his eyes on de fight, while I was a holdin' his and my teams. 'What are dey doin' now?' said I, jes' as a whole flock of bummers and minnies cum a screamin' froo de air. 'Golly,' said he, 'dey is chargin' our battery. Look at 'em. Here dey cum, cuttin' and slashin' de squirmishers. Our battery is stan'in' up to de work dough. Flugins, how it is a mowin' 'em down! But dey keep a cummin'.' 'Why don't our men charge 'em?' sed I. 'Dey is,' said he. 'Dar goes a squadron. How de sabres flash! But what kin dey do agin a whole brigade?' 'Whose a leadin' dem?' said I. 'A hossifer on a white horse,' said he. 'No, he ain't neither. He's a holdin' up; so ar' de men. De Yankees is too many for 'em. Wait, they are startin' again. Somebody's got the flag, and is ridin' rite at the Yankees.' 'What's de color of his hoss?' said I. 'A dark bay, and a small man,' said he. 'I knowed it,' said I. 'It's our Smith as sho as you are born.' 'Look at him,' said Luke, 'a clappin' his han's. He's way ahead, but de men are foler-in' now. De Yankees are stoppin'. On goes de bay horse. Now they are at it. Whoopee! Yankees are runnin'.'

"Hunny, I couldn't stand it any longer. I let the halters go, and run up over de bank, and, sure enough, dar was our men goin' like mad after de Yankees, and I felt so good I jes rolled up my sleeves and spit on my hands, and danced a wah-dance aroun' Brown's Luke."

CHIP.

WILL not some who were in the battle of Franklin, send us their account of it, especially of the men who fell on that bloody field.

[For the BIVOAC.]

CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The following incident, told to the writer by Dr. —, an eye-witness, and a member of Fifth Virginia Infantry, beautifully exemplifies the strong devotional spirit which characterized the army of Northern Virginia.

Since early morning, Pickett's Division had been lying in the woods awaiting the charge which they knew *must* be made during the day. In front of them frowned Cemetery heights and every man fully realized the extreme hazard and danger which yet could not be averted.

About three o'clock in the evening General Lee rode up attended by only a few members of his staff. It happened that Dr. — was so placed that he could hear what passed.

Said General Lee: "General Pickett, I have reserved to your command the honor of capturing those heights" (pointing to them), "they must be taken *at all hazards*." Touching his hat, General Pickett replied, "General Lee, *they shall* be taken." As he turned to his command to give the necessary orders, a captain of one of the companies appeared at the head of the column and began to sing in a firm, clear voice a familiar devotional hymn which embodied a fervent appeal to "the God of battles."

The words and melody were taken up by one voice after another until a volume of solemn sound swelled upward toward heaven. When the hymn was done, a white-haired chaplain stepped to the front and raised his hands. General Lee and Pickett at once dismounted and uncovered while a fervent prayer was offered. Then came a moment of awful stillness and immediately occurred one of the most memorable and glorious charges upon record.

HARRY.

A KITTEN IN BATTLE.

Children, here's what happened at Resaca while the Federals were charging the Kentuckians and the long row of cannon, the noise nearly made one deaf.

"Boom-boom-bang-bang-rattle-rattle!" Suddenly a little voice is heard "meouw—me-u-ow-meouw." The soldiers looked eagerly over the little rail-piles to see what it was. It was a strange sight, indeed. A little kitten had somehow gotten in front of our lines. You see we were near a farm house and the people had gone away in a great hurry and left the kitten behind. I expect the mother and perhaps

the balance of the little family were separated, too. It dared not run away from its old play-ground, yet those terrible guns pouring fire toward it frightened it ever so much. It did the best it could, and that was to "meouw me-u-ow—me-ow——w."

Presently a brave man that was loading a cannon determined to save the little refugee. It was very dangerous, you will know, when I tell you that the shot and shell, and bullets were falling like hail, and throwing dust and dirt right into our faces, so that we had to lay flat on the ground to escape sudden death.

But this noble man only hesitated a moment and then springing lightly over the works caught the kitten and bore it safely inside. Putting it softly down, it nestled close to ground and seemed contented. When the battle was over he took the stranger with him, and nursed and fed it, and it was the pet of the battery. It was a pretty sight to see perched on the caisson, or across the shoulder of an artilleryman, a large tortoise-shell tom cat. He was called "Resaca," and was in a great many bloody battles, but I never heard what became of him. I hope he and his brave, noble, artillery boy friend were spared and got home after the war.

FRED. JOYCE.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

"I KNOW what I wish I had been doing during the war," said a Union soldier the other day, as he sat down on a bench and laid his crutches on the ground beside him.

"What better could you have been doing than fighting the battles of your country?" said a patriotic citizen.

"Oh, lots of things. I might have been a contractor, and now be a railroad magnate, or, still better, I might have hired a substitute and edited a newspaper, and been the nominee of the Chicago convention."

A SHORT time before the battle of Fredericksburg, Jackson had his headquarters near the family mansion of the Corbins. This was very fortunate for Dick Corbin, who was a member of Jackson's corps, and who was camped near home. It also enabled him to play the host to occasionally to a man he almost adored. One day Jackson said to Dick that he would like to get his permission to cut one of the lawn trees down, saying that it was already nearly dead.

"Cut a tree down!" said the indignant soldier. "Why, General

you can cut them all down if they are in your way. Move the house, too, if you wish it. In fact, sir, I shall feel honored if you will act just as the place belonged to you."

WHEN Grant, in command of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock, Lee's veterans, though aware of his previous good fortune, were none the less confident of sending him back, as "tattered and torn" as ever were the armies of his numerous predecessors. After he had crossed the river, the first prisoners I saw were some caught by Moseby. Many questions were asked them by curious Confederates; among others, the following:

"What has become of your pontoon train?" said one.

"We haven't got any," replied a prisoner.

"How do you expect to get over the river when you go back?"

"Oh!" says the Yankee, "we are not going back. Grant says that all the men he sends back can cross on a log."

MASKED BATTERIES AND BLACK-HORSE CAVALRY.—The following is furnished by a correspondent:

Not long after the first battle of Manassas I was hunting in the neighborhood of Centreville, Virginia, through which the bulk of the Union army fled. All of a sudden, upon emerging from a piece of woods, I came upon an old woman doing up her week's washing by a spring. After taking a deep draught, I sat down on a log and entered into conversation with her.

"Did any of the Yankees run back this way?" said I.

"Plenty of 'em," she said, stopping the rubbing process and straightening up, holding a dripping garment in one hand.

"Did they give any reason for their running away?" said I.

"Oh, yes. I hyearn 'em say that masked batteries riz up out of the groun', and that thar was a hull division chargin' on black hosses."

"Pretty badly scared they were, I suppose," said I.

"Well, I should say so," she replied, as she laid the wet rag down. "Two of 'em come through my yard, and didn't seem to notice me. They didn't have no arms and mitey little clothes on. One of them was bareheaded and barefooted. Ses he, turnin' aroun' and aroun', 'Bill, take a good look. Do you see any holes in me?' Bill said no he couldn't. 'Well, ses he, thank heaven I am alive.'"

Editorial.

A SHORT time ago Gen. Thomas L. Rosser published in the *Philadelphia Times* some account of his war experience, especially while in command of the brigade of cavalry known as the "Laurel Brigade." The narrative called forth sharp letters from Colonel Munford and General Early, in which Rosser is taken severely to task, not only for alleged inaccuracies of statement, but for taking credit for himself at others' cost, and for unpardonable exaggerations. As the editors of this magazine were both members of Rosser's command, and were present at most, if not all, of the engagements which Rosser is charged with misrepresenting, we desire, in justice to the Laurel Brigade and to our old commander, to say that, in our opinion, Early and Munford have done Rosser gross injustice.

To particularize, General Early says in reference to the capture of the two forts at New Creek station: "The fact is Rosser himself did not get up until after the place had been captured, as anyone can ascertain by inquiring of General W. H. Payne and Major Rob. F. Mason." We are quite sure that neither of the gentlemen referred to will support this statement. It would seem that General Early is ignorant of the fact that at New Creek two forts, each on different lines of approach, were charged and captured. Mason was with one column, Payne, in person, with the other. Rosser was not twenty feet behind Payne. Of this column only one man fired a shot at the enemy, and he was at once rebuked for firing at a sentry, who could be easily seen standing with his arms at a present. As Rosser planned the expedition, was in command, and was near the head of the main charging column, history will unquestionably give him the chief credit. That General Payne deserves a great deal, there is no doubt. We have yet to learn of an occasion where he failed to do splendidly whatever he undertook on the field.

As to the affair at Tom's Brook, Early attributes the disaster to Rosser's disobedience, or willful misconstruction of orders. The night before the battle, Rosser was anxious about the morrow. There was some thought of going back that night, and he would have done so had it not been for Early's dispatch, which, in purport, was as follows: "Keep driving them, and hold all the ground you get." Of course this is related from memory, but one of us at least is quite

certain of its correctness. As to the disgraceful route which occurred the next day, Rosser is accused by Colonel Munford of laying the blame on his (Munford's) brigade, while his own, the Laurel, was the first to leave the field. To us, who are quite sure that we saw Munford's brigade go off in great disorder before any considerable portion of the Laurel was engaged, this statement is incomprehensible. Either our memory or our eyes have greatly deceived us.

This much we have felt called upon to state in justice to an old commander, whose fame rests upon deeds and is above the reach of detraction; and we are ready to go into particulars if occasion demands it.

It would seem, viewing things from a Confederate stand-point, that Blaine's nomination is a good omen. Most any change that promises a new political epoch, must be for the better. Blaine is a type of the working forces of Republicanism; of a class characterized by intellectual and moral aggressiveness, a daring spirit and a desire for movement in the path of American destiny.

The shrewd business men, who have made hay while the sun of Republican progress was shining, are anxious about their hoarded treasures. They more dread the revolutionary and piratical tendencies of Blainism than the perils of Democratic ascendancy. They call upon their old enemies to save them, and under a cry of alarm for the good of the country, mask a solicitude for their property. Well, has anybody heard of their being anxious about the effect of Blainism on the States of the South? So far as the presidency is concerned, for twenty years the men of the South have been disfranchised, no matter to what party they belonged. Many of our leading journals reject Bayard because he opposed coercion and "boom;" McDonald because he was a consistent war Democrat. Availability is that which is popular in the pivotal States. The opinions of a single congressional constituency in Indiana are more regarded than those of the whole South. All of which means that if the old methods continue, the South is as virtually disfranchised as if she was made so by organic law. We hail, therefore, the nomination of Blaine as a piece of good news. In the first place, if elected, he will start new issues, not sectional and readjust the standard of availability. In the second place, he is about the easiest man to beat that could have been found.

THE South may be excused for sending so many brigadiers to Congress. It is the only way she has of showing proper gratitude to her defenders and of pensioning them on Uncle Sam.

IN the June number a wrong reading of the MSS. caused quite a serious error in the sketch of Colonel Boudinot. The sentence immediately below the picture should read, "*They felt disgraced,*" in stead of "they felt in a measure disposed to overlook this."

THE Republicans are proud of the tattooed man, and boastingly challenge the Democrats to nominate a foeman worthy of his (steal) steel.

JOAQUIN MILLER suggests that an hour a day in each public school be devoted to instruction in mechanic arts. This is a capital idea. Show a boy beautiful tools for making "things," and open to him the possibilities of a skillful hand and he will give a concentrated attention to instruction in the details, compared to which his interest in algebra or Latin, or even geography is nothing. The talent for mechanical creation in the American boy is almost universal, and needs but little encouragement to develop it. There is quite a difference between solving a problem with chalk and blackboard, on the one hand, and with sharp and glistening steel on the other.

KENTUCKY is shaken with an inquiry into the causes of increased crime in the State and country. There seems to be quite a difference of opinion, but the almost unanimous verdict of the press is that the elective system of judiciary is at the root of the evil. Does not the cause lie deeper? All history proves that men are not deterred from committing crime so much by swift and severe penalties as by an enlightened public sentiment. The fear of infamy is vastly more restraining than the fear of imprisonment or death. And since neither theft nor murder involves ostracism from "the highest circles," if only the swag is salted away, "who's afraid" of the law?

One is almost tempted to say that our "highest circles" are, in a measure, composed of successful criminals, who have escaped the penalties of the law.

Now, who is responsible for this state of affairs? Who more than any other class are the leaders and molders of public opinion? The press, of course. "Physician, heal thyself," or, "throw physic to dogs."

THE "Bold Guerrilla Boy" was, we regret to say, crowded out in this issue.

THE following circular speaks for itself. It is earnestly hoped that the old Confederates will send or bring their relics of the "late unpleasantness." Of course, the Federal side will be well represented. Let us see if all the evidences of heroism or genius, during that struggle, are to be found in the victorious section only.

JUNE 21, 1884.

The Southern Exposition of 1884 desires to make an exhibit of Federal and Confederate relics of the late war, and for this purpose has appointed appropriate committees.

It is desired by the undersigned, in the prosecution of the duty assigned to them, to make the Confederate exhibit illustrate the South as it appeared during the memorable struggle. For this purpose they wish to secure all articles of manufacture, either for war or domestic purposes, arms, uniforms, flags, books, newspapers—in fact, everything used or produced by the South during the war, together with portraits or photographs of distinguished citizens, and manuscripts or papers that will represent the genius and heroism which has given birth to the energy of the New South of to-day.

All persons having such articles which they are willing to contribute or loan for this purpose, are requested to communicate with the committee. Federal soldiers who have captured articles of this character are requested to aid our undertaking, and we promise to give them a conspicuous place, with date and name of captor.

The Southern Exposition is to be conducted on even a grander scale than last year. It will represent the arts, the industries, and the products of Kentucky and the South, while the exhibits from the North will illustrate the activity and energy that has made that section so powerful and wealthy.

More than a million of our countrymen will witness this grand exhibition, and it is eminently appropriate that among the crowded evidences of the prosperity of our common country, there should be these historical relics of that great struggle that in the scale of its operations and the magnitude of its undertakings gave so much character and dignity to the people of both sections.

The newspapers in both the North and South are requested to give publication to this invitation, and thus aid us in an effort that will be instructive in its lesson of the past and productive of good in its reminder of the common interests of the present.

Committee: { E. H. McDONALD, *Army Northern Va.*
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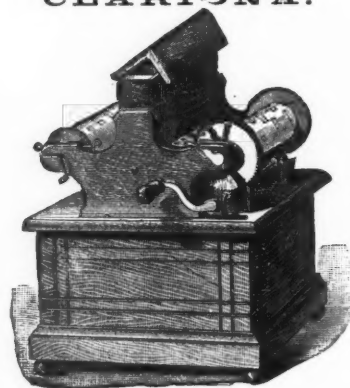
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